

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

"UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA."—Cicero.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO., THURSDAY DECEMBER 30, 1841.

VOL. 2 NO. 50, WHOLE NO. 102

TO THE DEPARTED ONE.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
But the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where love has put off in the land of its birth,
As stain it has gathered in this.
Alas! the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Has asleep on the bosom of bliss.
I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred,
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where in the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
For thy heart flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunken of Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget—
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.
Thy soul must be dark, so long has been dim'd,
No again it may gaze upon thine;
Thy heart has revelations of thee and thy home,
And many a token and sign;
I never look up with a vow, to the sky,
For a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmur like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.
In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
Believe thou hast visions of mind;
A tiny love, that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign;
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone in the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.
Alas! though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapp'd in a mantle of care—
The grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom,
Is not the black grief of despair.
Thou sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Thou bright vision appears,
A hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Thou horn, like the rainbow, in tears.

"HARD TIMES."

There is not, we venture to assert, a more common exclamation extant than the one we have chosen for our caption. It is in every man's mouth, and go where you will you hear it. In the stately mansion of the rich—in the miserable hovel of the poor—in the comfortable abode of those in middling circumstances—everywhere it is the same—with all the variations of *hard times* has grown into a common byword.
The complaint is grounded in justice. The times are hard—there is no question about it. What of it? Will grumbling make them easier?—Will it cause more money to flow into our pockets, or more bread to come upon our tables?—Certainly not. On the contrary, it is a directly opposite tendency. It makes things actually worse. It breeds discontent—checks industry—palls our energies and brings almost despair. How absurd then, is it for us to augment our troubles by crying about the times.
We are often amused at the inconsistency of some of these creakers. An instance will serve for illustration.—The other day a man came into our office to beguise of our Gazette.
"Cannot we get you to subscribe, Mr. Jones?" we inquired, as we handed him the paper.
"Why, really," he replied, "I believe not at present. I am pleased with the paper, and would like very well to encourage you, but the times are so hard, that indeed I cannot afford it."
"Mr. A.—was a young man we'll do in the world, and we were somewhat surprised to find him so very close; we said nothing, but thought that the times must be hard indeed with him if they did not allow to expend one dollar a week for a newspaper.
A few mornings after we met him going up town, umbrella in hand, and evidently bent upon an excursion somewhere. We hailed him.
"Good morning Mr. A.—! Where you bound for so early?"
"Oh good morning! Haven't time to stop—going to the city to see the 'divine Fanny'—to wit and last appearance to-night—wouldn't miss seeing her for ten dollars—Ha! there's a better bell—excuse me or I'll be to late." And Mr. A.—hurried towards the depot.
"What?" thought we, following him with our eyes, "but the times have changed wonderfully since our last interview—then you said you could not afford to expend one dollar to purchase instruction and amusement for a whole year—now you can throw away ten—perhaps twenty to see a lewd actress dance for five minutes!"
We might give many more instances, but do not think that our readers can recall a number of a similar nature from their own personal observation—nay for her—can even recollect when they themselves noted thus inconsistent. All do so, more or less. The rich man turns the poor mendicant from his door because the hard times will not allow him to be charitable—and the next day, perhaps the same man, expend in wasteful extravagance a fortune that would have sufficed to keep a starved family comfortable for a month;—while the poor man, the hard times as his strongest plea for soliciting assistance, has been brought to pass by wilful extravagance and the indulgence of evil and ruinous habits; habits which not corrected will make his whole life one of interrupted struggle with the trouble and misery he has brought upon himself.
Reader, does not this universal cry of *hard times* partake a somewhat of the humbug spirit of the age?

THE RED MEN OF THE WEST.

The St. Louis *Evening* states that a census was taken during the last attempt to negotiate a treaty with the Indian tribe of the Sacs and Foxes, and the whole number of souls was found to be 2300. But a few years ago the total number was between 7000 and 8000 and the gentlemen who give us this information say that he has seen 1600 warriors in the field at one time, mounted and ready for battle. Since the whites have been dealing with them the laws intended to prohibit the introduction of whiskey among them have been disregarded and laughed at, and drunkenness, crime and want have made sad inroads upon their numbers. The few wars in which they have engaged with other tribes could have had no effect in diminishing their strength, and we cannot be wrong in the cause which we have assigned for the decay of this powerful and numerous tribe of Indians.

'THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.'—This scriptural truth is strikingly exemplified in an account of the fate of a great body of gamblers at Hamburg, originally published in a German Gazette, by an intelligent spectator, as the result of his attentive examination during a period of two years. Of six hundred individuals who were in the habit of visiting gambling houses, he states that nearly one-half not only lost considerable sums, but were finally stripped of all means of subsistence and ended their days by self-murder. Of the rest not less than one hundred finished their career by becoming swindlers or robbers on the highway. The remainder of this unfortunate group perished, some by apoplexy, but the greater part by chagrin and despair.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.—On the 27th of the present month, the people of Rhode Island will assemble at the polls, and declare themselves freemen or slaves, in reference to the adoption of a Constitution for the first time in that state. The State has been governed under a charter granted by King Charles the Second, which disfranchises three-fourths of the citizens, because they do not happen to own houses and lands, thereby making property the basis of representation, instead of *man* in his own intrinsic right. As it now is on the principle exposed by Benjamin Franklin, the jack-ass is the voter, not the man! The people, however, are now actively alive to the necessity of having a Constitution which shall give to every citizen, be he rich or poor, the liberties and the inalienable rights which belong to men and American freemen.

The Providence *Age* says:—"The excitement relative to the adoption of the People's Constitution, in many parts of the State, is at the highest pitch, and from present appearance it will exceed, before the 27th, everything of the kind in this State since the Revolution of '76, and the Revolution of '41 cannot fail to be alike triumphant."

A QUEER MARRIAGE.—The Buffalo *Advertiser* speaks of an odd matrimonial bargain and which was consummated at Goshen, Orange county N. Y., a week or two since, something like as boys frequently swap knives 'unsight unseen.' Mr. Andrew Hulse, sexton of the Presbyterian Church in Goshen was wedded to Miss Esther Smith—the parties having it is said, not seen each other previous to the marriage; and what is more remarkable, the bride did not know her husband when he came to take her to the new home.

From the Lady's Book.

RANK AND FASHION, OR, THE COUNTERS IN SPIES OF HERSELF.

By Mrs. E. C. Embury.

So Mary you have really given up all intentions of going to Mrs. Mallerton's party to-night," said Julia Mordaunt to her sister.
"I never thought of going, Julia."
"It will be a splendid affair."
"I don't doubt it."
"The newly arrived Count Handsforth will be there."
"I dare say he will. Mrs. Mallerton likes to form collections of wild animals."
"Mary, for shame! your sarcastic temper will be the ruin of you."
"Nay, sister, you misunderstand me. I do not mean to be ill-natured, but I will not go to the party in question, because I must heartily despise the mistress of the feast."
"Why so inveterate in your dislike of poor Mrs. Mallerton, Mary? She has very elegant manners, is highly accomplished, and gives splendid entertainments."
"You well know my objections to her, Julia: after jilting the lover of her youth, she married a decrepit old man, solely for his wealth, now leaving her suffering husband to the mercy of hirelings, she is dissipating with a free hand the price at which she sold herself, while she is exposing herself to the world's laugh by her indiscriminate coquetry. She may be a woman of elegant accomplishments, but I know, and so do you, Julia, that she renders herself contemptible by her pride of purse, dangerous by her love of scandal, and something more than indelicate by her desire for notoriety."
"Quite a cabinet picture, Mary, upon my word; I did not think you were so skillful in making sketches, but you must excuse me, sis, if I tell you, that such pictures lack the vanish of charity, which covers many defects, and brings out many beauties."
"It may be so, Julia, but if I were disposed to carry out your figure, I should say that the most hideous portrait that ever was drawn by malice, or colored by slander, would be allowed a place in the saloon of fashion, if it were only decked with a gilded frame. However, there is no use of discussing the subject; I will never visit one whose character I despise, so that question is settled: and now let me help to dress you for this splendid party, since papa will soon be waiting for his game of chess."

"You are a strange girl, Mary; I begin to think you are only fit to be the wife of a country parson. To think of your giving up such a party to stay at home and play chess! But perhaps you expect visitors?" and Julia looked archly in her sister's placid face as she spoke.

"I deserve no credit for staying home with papa to-night, for I dare say, if I anticipated as much pleasure as you do, I should be selfish enough to leave him alone again, as I have often done on other occasions."

Julia was silent, for she was busily employed in the arrangement of a stray ringlet and the engrossing duties of the toilet put a stop to all conversation save that which related to the important business then in progress.

"There, now you look beautiful, Julia," said Mary as she kissed her sister's cheek, "pray do not waste your smiles upon any tatter-faced count to-night."

"How you do hate foreigners, Mary."

"You are again mistaken, Julia, I have no such narrow minded prejudices as would induce me to condemn men because they were born in another country, but I do most heartily detest the affectations and pretence of those who come here with no other gift, than impudence and a big pair of whiskers, to speculate upon the gullibility of our Yankees. I will venture to wager my new bonnet, that Count Handsforth, is a tall stunted looking individual, imprisoned in a tight frock coat, plentifully be-braided and be-frogged,—with a face covered with yellow hair, through which peep two little grey eyes, a face in short, something like that of our old dog Ponto, only without his honest expression."

"Fie, Mary!"

"Well, let me have a more accurate description when you return," said Mary laughing, as she tied on her sister's cloak.

"I have never seen him," replied Mary with a look of surprise.

"You described him so exactly," said Julia, "that I really thought you must have met with him. I wish you had been with me last night, for you would have found excellent food for your wit among the circle which the title of the illustrious stranger drew around him. Seated on a divan in the centre of one of the rooms, directly under the blaze of an immense chandelier, sat a little shrivelled up man, such as you described, but with this difference, that if he resembled Ponto, it must have been when the poor dog was very sleepy, for a more stupid, heavy looking individual, I never beheld. A crowd of ladies were around him, Mrs. Mallerton having been careful to take every body up to him as they entered the room, as if he had been a sovereign prince receiving homage, until at last the creature deliberately rose from the midst of them, sauntered carelessly around the room, and spying a convenient corner, settled his head against the wall, and actually went to sleep! It required all Mrs. Mallerton's tact to cover such a flagrant breach of good manners; but he was nobleman of sixteen quarters, and so was excused."

"I suppose his armourial bearings lacked supporters, and he was therefore overcome by their weight," said Mary laughing.

"He was overcome with something, but whether it was hereditary honors, Rhensish wine, or native stupidity, I could not discover. Mrs. Mallerton tried to make him show off to advantage, but he required as much goading as the poor old lion in the menagerie, and when stirred up, contented himself like the wearied beast, with stretching out his talons and showing his teeth."

"Then you did not dance with him," said Mary.

"Why yes I could not resist the temptation of being carried by all the belles in the room. He declared he should only wait once, just to give us an idea of aristocratic dancing I suppose, and he selected me as his partner; but like most other honors, it cost me some pains, as he trampled without mercy upon my poor feet."

"Well, Julia it may be an honor to have one's too trodden upon by a Count, but I assure you I do not envy you the distinction."

"Now tell me, how did you pass the evening?" asked Julia. "I don't believe you were without company."

"No," said Mary with a slight blush, "Frank Merviale came in, and took my place at the chess-board, much to papa's satisfaction, as he plays a far better game than I do."

"I marvel at the encouragement you give that young man, Mary; he is good enough in his place, but really it is hardly consistent with your straitlaced notions of propriety to admit him on such a familiar footing," said Julia.

"Pray, what is your objection to him, my daughter?" said Mr. Mordaunt, speaking now for the first time.

"Oh, I have several, but I should think Mary's prejudice against foreigners would operate unfavorably with respect to the gentleman in question."

"Frank Merviale is an American citizen, Julia," said her father, "although his grandfather and father were born in France; while the virtues which are hereditary in his family, would ennoble any name. I have more than once told you that what you call our prejudice against foreigners extends only to a certain class,—a species distinguished by whiskers, mustachios and pretensions, who with sundry titles often as empty as their pockets, obtain admission into our best society, and become the special pets of fashionable women."

"Really, papa, for my own part, I should be as much disposed to favour a foreign nobleman as you seem to encourage a poor watchmaker's son; I prefer to be a little farther removed from the working classes."

"Let me tell you a story, before you go farther, Julia," said Mr. Mordaunt, as he finished his cup of coffee. "There was once a poor little boy, who having lost both his parents by an epidemic fever, was about to be transferred to the city almshouse, when a humble tailor in the neighborhood, compassionating his forlorn condition, took him into his family. Here he was treated like a son, being fed and clothed and sent to school, just as were the other children. As soon as he was of sufficient age, he learned the trade of his benefactor, and unwilling to remain a burden upon

him, set off to seek his fortune. Taking his bundle of clothes on his arm, and throwing over his shoulder the bag containing the implements of his trade, he wandered about the country, going from house to house, making and mending the homely garments of the farmers, and receiving in return, food, lodging and a pittance of money. Industry, honesty, and economy, always meet with a reward sooner or later, and the poor tailor, who never neglected an opportunity of acquiring knowledge, or of improving his condition, is now a wealthy merchant; living among a well filled library, and striving to repair the defects of a early education by the researches of his old age."

"I don't doubt there are many such instances, papa," said Julia, a little impatiently, "but what are they to us? Mamma used to tell us when we were little children, that there were few older families in England than the Mordaunts."

"That may be, my dear; as I know nothing about it, will not dispute the fact, but had I been brought up in the poor-house, I doubt whether I should have been allowed any claims to ancient descent."

"You! what do you mean papa?" asked Julia in a tone of surprise.

"Why I mean that I have been telling my own story, Miss Julia Mordaunt," said the old gentleman, laughing heartily, "and however aristocratic may be your feelings, they cannot be hereditary, since you are in fact, the daughter of a tailor."

Julia bit her lip; "You only say these things to tease me, papa."

"No, my daughter, you have often heard me speak of my early poverty, and though I spared your pride a knowledge of the details, yet when I find you so ready to despise others, I think it proper you should learn to know yourself."

"Well, if it is so," said Julia, "there is the greater reason for our making high alliances; I never saw Frank Merviale without thinking of our old clock, with its Ethiopian and rolling eyes, which his grandfather made."

"For shame, Julia!" exclaimed her father; "but since you did not like my plebeian story, let me tell you an aristocratic one. When the insurrection of the negroes in St. Domingo, rendered that island a scene of carnage and destruction, many of the whites were, as you well know, glad to escape with their lives, even though obliged to leave behind them all their possessions. Among these was a middle-aged nobleman, who with his wife and infant son, were secreted in an American ship, and arrived in New York in a state almost of destitution, a few jewels being all they were able to save from the wreck of a large estate. But, though educated amid the appliances of wealth, the nobleman possessed an active and enterprising spirit which would not suffer him to sit down in idle lamentation. Turning his jewels into money, so that they might have immediate means of subsistence, he bound himself to a watch-maker; a trade for which his mechanical genius, and scientific acquirements, rendered him peculiarly well fitted. His efforts were rewarded with success, and his business became so flourishing, that he brought his son up to the same employment. The old man lived to see a moderate fortune acquired by himself, and a still more competent one by his son; while his grandson, after receiving the best education that our country affords, has inherited the estate along with the virtues of both. I need scarcely add, that I have been telling the story of the parents of Frank Merviale."

"I did not know he came of such high descent," said Julia, pettishly, "but be that as it may, (though I am a little disposed to be as incredulous on that subject as you often are on similar ones,) I should be very sorry to receive Frank Merviale on any other terms than that of a pleasant acquaintance."

"Then you must make up your mind to be excessively grieved, my dear Julia, for it was only last night that I gave my unqualified consent to his becoming one of our family."

"Well, I suppose I must make the best of it," said Julia, as the blushing Mary hastily left the room, "he is handsome, amiable clever, and all that, but I think Mary's handsome face might have won a higher prize in the lottery of life."

If Julia was displeased at Mary's humble marriage, as she considered it, she was still more dissatisfied with their moderate ideas of housekeeping. Well knowing that a wife cannot too soon assume the duties of a station, which is never filled well unless its tasks are closely and industriously studied, Mary, soon after her marriage made preparations for removing to her own home. But Julia found continued cause of complaint against her plebeian sister.

"I don't know how to understand you, Mary," said she, one day, "papa would give you a handsome house, and the richest furniture, yet you prefer only a two story house, and such furniture as would suit a mechanic's wife."

"I will tell you my reasons, sister; if I were to choose a stately house, and fill it with all the costly toys which fashion now requires, I should wish my whole establishment to be in keeping with such display. I should need double the number of servants and would be expected to entertain a great deal of company. Papa's fortune can supply me with the necessary outfit for such a style of housekeeping, but Frank's means are not adequate to the support of such extravagance. His fortune, though not very small, is all embarked in commerce, and of course is liable to the vicissitudes of mercantile life, therefore, it would be fully for us to venture upon such expenses which we might afterwards regret. I am too proud to risk such mortifications as has be-

fallen some of our acquaintances; I will not plant myself on the top of the hill only to be afterwards rolled into the mire at the bottom."

With such ideas, Mary could not but find contentment, and while the friends of her girlhood were striving to form ambitious marriages, heedless of the character of those to whom they united themselves, she was enjoying domestic happiness in her own quiet way. In vain Julia declared she was burying herself alive. Mary could not be persuaded that her books and her music together with the performance of all her pleasant duties as a wife, a daughter, and a friend, afforded less gratification than the heartless intercourse of the gay world. Some pities, many wondered at, and a few approved of Mary's plan of life; but the votaries of fashion were fast losing sight of her, and would soon have forgotten her very existence, when a circumstance occurred, which, while it excited the envy of her contemporaries, made her once more an object of especial interest to the lovers of wealth and rank.

Somewhat more than a year after his marriage, Frank Merviale received letters from France, stating that, during several years, search had been making for the nearest heirs to the estate and title of the ancient house of Merviale; and furthermore informing him that a branch of the family had been living in St. Domingo, from whence they had emigrated to America where they had borne the name of Merviale. The writer therefore requested that the eldest survivor of the family would send certain documentary evidence respecting his descent, and hold himself prepared, in case the evidence should prove satisfactory, to repair to France without delay. The proofs of lineal descent were easily procured, for Frank's grandfather amid all the vicissitudes of his fortunes, had preserved the old genealogical parchments, together with a seal bearing the arms of the family; and these Frank sent, as directed, but with little disposition to follow them into France, unless some more certain benefit could accrue than he at first anticipated. The occurrence was a subject of mirth to his light-hearted wife, and Julia quizzed her unmercifully, telling her that she was revenged upon her, for all her slanders against foreign noblemen, since in spite of herself, she was now only a French countess; while Mary retaliated by reminding her sister of her repugnance to the plebeian alliance with a watchmaker's son.

The affair proved, however, to be more serious than had been expected. In the course of a few months, Frank received a letter from the Count de Merveille, assuring him that he was the undoubted heir, and that a grant had been obtained by which all vexatious law questions were set aside, and permission given to consider him next in succession, provided he should arrive in France previous to the death of the present possessor. The Count urged the necessity of an immediate visit to France, declaring himself weighed down to the brink of the grave by age and infirmities. Whether there was a little hereditary aristocracy still lurking in the veins of the watchmaker's son, I cannot say, but certain it is, that Frank Merviale showed every disposition to accept the old Count's invitation. That Mary felt indifferent about the matter, is scarcely to be expected; but instead of the elation which Julia would have felt in similar circumstances, she was sadly pined and disappointed. She had looked forward to a life of quiet happiness, and she could not bear the thought of quitting her native land for an empty title and fortune in a distant country. But she knew her first duty was cheerful submission to her husband's will, and she made every arrangement for their departure without a murmur of discontent.

"Tell me honestly, Mary," said Julia, "are you not, in spite of your prejudices, both proud and happy at this change in your fortunes?"

"Honestly, sister, I am neither one nor the other. We have already a fortune sufficient to our wants, and as we are far too strongly wedded to American habits to find the same degree of enjoyment in a permanent residence in a foreign land, of what use to us is an empty title, which I should certainly be ashamed to bear in this country, even if it were possible to retain it here."

"I only wish I were placed in similar circumstances, Mary, indeed I have almost decided to accept the hand of the handsome Baron Wallenstein, my new admirer, as soon as he shall offer it, in order that I may meet you in Paris, and figure as my Lady Baroness beside my Countess sister."

"Do not jest about so serious a matter, Julia; it would break papa's heart if you were to marry one of those strange geotry whom he so detests. He is unhappy enough at parting from me, though I assure him I shall soon return."

"But you surely will not."

"I have a presentiment that I shall, however, time will show whether my forebodings are true, so I will not dwell on them now, only let me beg you not to entertain the proposals of any one in the hope of meeting me in Paris."

Two years after the occurrences above related a cheerful family circle were assembled in Mr. Mordaunt's drawing room. Frank Merviale and his pretty wife sat on either side of the happy father, while Julia with cheerful countenance and simple garb was busied in fondling a little babe, who nestled in her arms. The Merviales had arrived only on that very afternoon, and of course all was joyful excitement.

"Now tell me the whole story of your inheritance and why you came back so much sooner."